A DIALOGUE BETWEEN TWO Young Ladies, LATELY MARRIED, Concerning the MANAGEMENT OF Husbands.

Shewing how to make that Honourable State more Eaſie and Comfortable.

The Third Edition, Reviſed and Corrected from ſeveral Miſtakes, by the ſaid Young Ladies.

LONDON:
Printed in the Year, 1696.

Price Six Pence.

MMo. 18 My 36

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1696
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A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

Two Young LADIES, lately Married, &c.

Amy. WElcome, dear *Lucy*! Oh, I have long'd to ſee you!

Lucy. My deareſt *Amy*! I have been no leſs impatient to enjoy your ſweet Company. Lord! how you're alter'd! methinks you ſeem more Beautiful than ever: A very Angel!

Am. Fie, *Lucy*! Fie! What do you begin to abuſe me already?

Luc. No, I vow; you appear ſuch in my Eye, really.

Am. Perhaps my new Mantua adds to my little Beauty: You like the Fashion then? 'Tis the newest Stuff.

Luc. As I live, I never saw any thing more pretty; sure 'tis all *Spanish* Wool!

Am. Yes, yes, the Wool is *Spanish*, but it was Dyed at *Venice*.

Luc. There is no Silk can wear neater—And what a delicate Colour!—— For Heaven's sake, from whence had you this Noble Present?

Am. From whence, *Lucy!* From whom should a Vertuous Wife receive it but from her Husband?

Luc. Oh happy you, who have such a Husband! would I had married a Cobler when I met with my Bargain.

Am. How now, Friend! Do you Repent already?

Luc. How is it possible I shou'd do otherwise? Do you see these Rags, and how I am dizen'd? Thus it goes with my Husband's Wife. Let me die, if I am not ashamed to appear in Publick, when I perceive how genteel other Women go, whose Husbands are much inferior to mine both for Quality and Estate.

Am. The true Ornament of Wives does not consist in Apparel, or Dress, as we are taught by St. *Peter*, (for I heard this of

Mr.

Mr. *Fleet*——*d* lately in a Sermon) but in chaſte and modeſt Behaviour, and in the Imbelliſhments of the Mind. Let the tawdry Miſſes of the Town ſeek, by their gay Dreſs, to attract the Admiration of Fops and Beaus: We that are Marry'd, ought to eſteem our ſelves fine enough if we pleaſe our Husbands only.

Luc. But, in the mean time, my thing of a Husband, tho' he be ſo very penurious to his Wife, is otherways profuſe enough in waſting that Eſtate which I brought him.

Am. In what, pray?

Luc. Why, in thoſe Debaucheries which are moſt pleaſing to his wicked Nature; Wine, Dice, and Whores.

Am. Oh, good Words!

Luc. 'Tis even ſo, *Amy*: And when, at length, after a tedious Expectation on my part, he comes home betwéen One and Two in the Morning, Drunk as any Sow, he lies by me all the reſt of the Night ſnorting like a Bear. And ſometimes he diſgorges all in Bed; not to ſay more.

Am. Hold, hold, you have ſaid too much already; and I muſt tell you, *Lucy*, you diſparage your ſelf in diſparaging your Husband.

Luc.

Luc. As I hope to breathe, I had as good have a Broom-ſtaff to my Bedfellow as ſuch a Man.

Am. And do not you Scold when he comes home thus?

Luc. Ay, and reaſon good, I think; he finds I want no Tongue.

Am. And what does he then?

Luc. Why, at firſt, he anſwers me again in the ſame manner, thinking, I ſuppoſe, to Silence me with high Words and Rhodomontades.

Am. And does this never end in Blows?

Luc. Once we were both ſo well heated, that we were juſt ready to fall to't.

Am. What do I hear!

Luc. He flouriſh'd his Cane, and huff'd after a very tearing rate.

Am. Were you not afraid?

Luc. Not at all: I ſnatch'd up a Joint-Stool for my defence, and had he but touch'd me with one of his Fingers, he ſhou'd have found I would have flung it at his Head.

Am. A pretty kind of new-faſhion Shield, had you had but your Diſtaff for a Launce——

Luc. He ſhou'd have found me a very Amazon.

Am.

Am. Alas, my *Lucy*, this is not the way to make you happy.

Luc. What way wou'd you have me take with him? If he reſpects me not as a Wife, neither will I reſpect him as a Husband.

Am. Ay, but St. *Paul* teaches, That Wives ought to be ſubject to their Husbands with all Reverence: And St. *Peter* propoſes to our imitation, the Example of *Sarah*, who call'd her Husband Lord, and obey'd him in all things.

Luc. I know all this; and beſides that, the ſame *Paul* commands, That Husbands love their Wives, as Chriſt loved his Church. Let him remember his Duty, and then I will not forget mine.

Am. But where Affairs are in that poſture that both cannot Rule, 'tis fit the Wife ſhould yield to the Husband.

Luc. But how can he be call'd a Husband, that does not regard me as a Wife?

Am. But tell me, *Lucy*, did he then forbear ſtriking?

Luc. Yes, he forbore; and in that he did wiſely, for otherwiſe he might have been ſoundly beaten.

Am. But you, I warrant, did not forbear Scolding.

Luc. You may ſwear it.

Am.

Am. What did he in the mean time?

Luc. Sometimes he ſeem'd to ſleep Dogs-ſleep, ſometimes he wou'd laugh and neglect me; then he wou'd take up an old rotten Lute, on which there was hardly left Three whole Strings, yet he wou'd ſum, ſum, on that damn'd Inſtrument, only to drown my noiſe.

Am. This enraged you.

Luc. So far, *Amy*, that I can hardly expreſs my Paſſion; much ado had I to hold my Hands.

Am. My dear *Lucy*, will you permit me to ſpeak freely to you?

Luc. Moſt willingly.

Am. You ſhall have the ſame liberty with me. And thus much ſeems due to our old Friendſhip, which was firſt contracted, as I may ſay, in our very Cradle.

Luc. True, *Amy*; nor is there any of my Acquaintance more dear to me than your ſelf.

Am. You muſt know then, that whatſoever your Husband proves, there is no means of changing. Of Old, indeed, there was a thing in uſe, for a Remedy in this caſe, call'd a Divorce; but Authority hath Abrogated that Cuſtom. There is now no Remedy, but that you muſt be his, and he yours, *for better or worſe*, during Life.

Luc.

Luc. Our Superiours did ill to remove that good Law of Separation.

Am. Oh, forbear ſuch Expreſſions, it was Chriſt's Will and Pleaſure.

Luc. I cannot think ſo.

Am. 'Tis moſt true; there remains therefore nothing now, but that both Parties endeavour a mutual Peace and Concord, and that they ſtrive which ſhall conform moſt to each others Humour and Inclination.

Luc. But may not I endeavour to make and mold him as I ſee fitting?

Am. I know not what you call making and molding; but of this I am confident, that moſt Husbands, how bad ſoever they are, owe much of their Extravagancies and Unkindneſſes to their Wives Indiſcretion.

Luc. It ſeems all goes well between you and yours.

Am. The very heighth of Peace and Quiet!

Luc. But was it always in the ſame calm from the beginning?

Am. We never had what I may call a Storm! Indeed, ſome little Clouds (ſuch as are natural to all Mankind) might, perhaps, ſometimes gather, and ſeem to threaten foul Weather, unleſs prevented by Diſcretion. Every Man hath his peculiar

liar Humour and Fancy: And in truth, *Lucy*, every Woman hath her peculiar Defects; which things ought always, especially in Matrimony, to be known and observed, but not hated.

Luc. You are in the right.

Am. It happens frequently, that Affection decays between Husband and Wife before they sufficiently know one another: Have a care therefore in the Beginning, for Conjugal Love, being once shatter'd, is hardly ever well cemented again, especially if there have been bitter Reproaches between them; where things are but new glued together they are easily disjointed, but if you let them fix till the Glue be well dried, they become as strong as if they were all of a Piece. Nothing therefore ought to be omitted between the new-Marry'd Couple in the beginning that so their mutual kindness may the better fix and settle; and this ought chiefly to be sought by obsequious and complacent Endearments, for that Affection which depends only on Beauty is seldom lasting.

Luc. But tell me, I beseech you, by what unknown Arts have you wrought over your Husband to so much Complacency.

Am.

Am. I will tell you, that you may uſe the ſame Method.

Luc. Pray do then, that, if I can, I may put it in practice.

Am. There is no difficulty, if you are but willing, neither is it too late, you are both young enough; and if I am rightly informed, it is leſs than a Year ſince ye were Marry'd.

Luc. That is very true.

Am. I will tell you therefore, but you muſt mind me.

Luc. Moſt attentively.

Am. My principal Care, when I was firſt Married, was to appear to my Husband always in good Humour, that ſo I might give him no occaſion of diſquiet; I obſerved his Affections and Inclinations; I watched proper Times, and Methods, by which he was moſt apt to be pleaſed, or offended; juſt as thoſe do who reclaim your Elephants, and Lions, and ſuch like Creatures, which are not to be overcome with Force.

Luc. Even ſuch a Beaſt have I at home to deal with.

Am. You will be interrupting me; but pray let me go on. I ſay, Men appear not before Elephants in White, nor before Bulls in Red, in regard theſe Colours

have been obſerved to exaſperate thoſe Creatures, juſt as the ſound of a Timbrel or Drum is ſaid to enrage the Tiger, even ſo far as that he will tear his own Fleſh for madneſs. So thoſe that manage Horſes ſpeak them fair, they ſmack their Mouths they ſtroke them, and clap their Necks; and by ſuch means they become as gentle as Lambs. How much rather ought we to obſerve theſe Arts towards our Husbands, to whoſe conſtant Society, both at Bed and Board, we are fatally obliged for all our Lives.

Luc. Go on.

Am. Theſe things premiſed; I conformed my ſelf to him, ſhunning all occaſions of offence.

Luc As how?

Am. Firſt, in the Affairs of the Family, (which is indeed the peculiar Province of a Wife,) I not only took care that nothing ſhould be wanting, but that all things might be to his Humour, even in the moſt trivial Matters.

Luc. Name ſome.

Am For Example: Suppoſe he loves this or that Diſh more than other, or his Diet thus or thus order'd, or his Bed made or furniſh'd after this or that manner, I would be ſure to get all theſe things, ſo as he ſhould be pleaſed. *Luc.*

Luc. But how could you behave your ſelf to ſuch a Husband as I have, who is never at home, unleſs Drunk?

Am. Permit me, and I'll tell you. If my Husband appear out of Humour, I neither laugh nor jeſt, as is the indiſcreet Cuſtom of ſome Wives, but put on a Countenance ſuitable to his; very ſerious and grave. A good Glaſs repreſents her Face exactly who looks in it; ſo ſhou'd a good Wife that of her Husband, when affected either with Joy or Sorrow; when he is ſad, ſhe ought not to appear pleaſed, or laugh when he is vexed. When he is angry, ſhe ought either to ſweeten him with ſoft Language, or in Silence ſubmit to his Paſſion, till ſhe find a more proper opportunity either to vindicate her ſelf, or to admoniſh him. Thus did I, if at any time my Husband came home in Drink; I uſed no Language but what was pleaſant, and wheedled him to Bed with all the little Tricks of Love and Fondneſs I could think of.

Luc. Unhappy is the Condition of us Wives, if we muſt thus ſubmit to all the Extravagancies of Cholerick and Drunken Husbands.

Am. As if the Sufferance were not Mutual: Come, come, *Lucy*, Wives have many faults which Husbands are forc'd to bear

bear with; yet there's a time, when, in a ſerious manner a Wife may lawfully adviſe her Husband, if the occaſion be of weight, but if it be about a Trifle, ſhe ought not to conteſt it.

Luc. Well, proceed.

Am. Thus, when ſhe finds his Mind at liberty, neither Troubled, nor Penſive, nor Drunk, then is the time, in private, and with ſweet obliging Language, to adviſe, or rather intreat him, that in this or that particular he wou'd more conſider his Eſtate, Health, or Reputation: Yet, as I ſaid, this Admonition muſt be delivered in a pleaſant winning manner, or elſe it will do more harm than good. I have uſed ſometimes to make a long Apology by way of Preface, That he wou'd not be offended, if I, Silly Woman as I am, think my ſelf concern'd for his Honour, Health, or good Condition. At other times, when in few Words I had advis'd him of ſuch things as I thought convenient, I have immediately, of my own accord, broke off the Diſcourſe and found out a more pleaſing Subject. It is almoſt a general fault in our Sex, my *Lucy*, that when we have once begun to ſpeak of any thing, we can never tell when to give over.

Luc.

Luc. So Men ſay.

Am. And its true enough: But, above all things, I give you this Caution That you never contend or diſpute with your Husband before Company, and that you never complain abroad of what's done at home: the breach that happens between two without Witneſs, is not hard to be compoſed; but in caſe any thing ſhou'd happen of ſuch a Nature that the Wife can neither endure with Patience, nor prevent by all her Intreaties; Civility requires that ſhe complains to the Parents or Relations of her Husband, rather than to her own, and that in ſuch a modeſt temper of Language, that it may appear ſhe is only diſpleaſed at her Husband's Vice, and not at his Perſon. Nor wou'd I have her diſcover all his Faults, for by this means her Husband will candidly acknowledge, and love her Civility.

Luc. The Wife that can do this, *Amy*, muſt be a perfect Philoſopher, a very Stoick in her Paſſions.

Am. By ſuch Behaviour, we win our Husbands to the like Civility and Complaiſance to us.

Luc But there are ſome Men whom no good Offices can oblige.

Am.

Am. I am not of your Opinion. But ſuppoſe there be, conſider thus: Your Husband, be he what he will, yet he is your Husband, and you are tyed to him for Life; it is therefore much more tolerable to endure his Humour, ſuch as it is, or by fair Means to render it ſomewhat more eaſie, than by ill Language to make him worſe. What ſay you, if I produce Examples of ſome Husbands who have uſed this Method in reclaiming their Wives? How much more convenient is it then, for us to obſerve the ſame towards our Husbands?

Luc. I'm ſure you'll produce an Inſtance of a quite different Nature, from my Huſband.

Am. There is a Gentleman of my Acquaintance, one of ſingular Learning, and very accompliſh'd Parts, who not many Years ſince marry'd a young Girl of about Sixteen Years of Age: ſhe had been conſtantly Educated at home in the Country, where you know the Gentry delight moſt to abide, for the conveniency of Hunting and Hawking. He had always deſired a Wife ſo bred up in artleſs Innocence, that ſo he might with leſs difficulty form her to his own Humour. They were no ſooner Marry'd, but he began to inſtruct

ſtruct her in Muſick, and ſuch like Arts, that might be of future Advantage. Theſe things were new to her, who having been bred at Eaſe, and unacquainted with all Converſation or Divertiſements, but what ſhe had been uſed to among her Father's Servants found her ſelf quickly tired with her Husband's Documents: Upon which ſhe proved a crooked Rib to him, beginning to be ſtubborn, and when he urged her to her Duty, ſhe wou'd weep bitterly, and take on in ſuch an Extravagant manner, that ſometimes ſhe wou'd caſt her ſelf on the Ground, as impatient of Life. When her Husband ſaw there was no end of this unreaſonable Behaviour, diſſembling however his diſguſt, he invites her to accompany him to her Father's in the Country, for the Divertiſement of a Summers Journey. This motion was very grateful to her; being ariv'd there, he Rides out one Morning to Hunt with the Father, leaving his Wife at Home with her Mother and Siſters. Being in the Field, he draws the Father from the reſt of the Company, and complaining, tells him, That he hoped to have had in his Daughter no ſmall Comfort and Eaſe to the remaining part of his Life, but that he found her, much againſt his ex-

pectation, continually in Tears, always Diſcontented and Diſcontenting him, being Deaf to his Advice; he deſires him therefore, to uſe his Praental Authority toward the Reformation of her uncomplying Humour. The Father anſwers, That he had given up his Daughter wholly to his Government, and that if he found his Words ineffectual, he ſhou'd uſe what other Means he pleaſed, to reduce her to her Duty. I know my Power, and what I may do, ſays the Son-in-Law, but I am unwilling to uſe ſuch extremity to one that I love ſo tenderly as I do your Daughter; I deſire rather that ſhe ſhould underſtand her Duty from your Perſuaſions, and the Authority of a Parent. Within two or three days after, the Father finding his Daughter alone, with many frowns, begins to remind her how, that ſhe having ſo little Beauty, either of Mind or Body to recommend her, that he often had deſpair'd of ever getting her a Husband; but having now procur'd her ſuch an Extraordinary Match, and made her happy with much Induſtry, yet ſhe, not conſidering what he had done for her, nor the value of ſuch a Husband, who, had he not been of a wonderful good Nature, would hardly have receiv'd her into the

number of his Servants; and ſhe to Rebel thus! In ſhort, he ſeemed ſo moved, that he hardly forbore ſtriking her: For you muſt know, this Father was a Man of ſuch a ready Wit, and ſuch quick Parts, that he would Perſonate any Character or Paſſion as he pleas'd. The Daughter hereupon, partly overcome with Fear, and partly with a true ſence of her own Guilt, caſts her ſelf at her Father's Knees, begs his Pardon for her paſt Miſcarriages, and aſſures him of her future Duty; on thoſe Conditions he Pardons her, and Promiſes his Affection.

Luc. Well, but how was this performed?

Am. The Girl being parted from her Father, returns to her Husband's Chamber, where finding him alone, falls at his Feet, with theſe Expreſſions: *Sir, I have not hitherto known either you or my ſelf as I ought, but for the future you ſhall ſee me nothing leſs than what I have been; I beg you would forget my paſt Behaviour.* At theſe Words the Husband rais'd her up with a Kiſs, and promis'd mighty Matters on her Amendment.

Luc. And did ſhe alter her Behaviour?

Am. Never was any Woman more humble all the following part of her Life; there was nothing her Husband could de-

ſire, but ſhe flew to obey him with the greateſt alacrity imaginable: So great, and ſo intire, was their Affection from that time. Within a few Years after this, ſhe freely acknowledged her ſelf infinitely happy in ſuch a Husband; and that without him, ſhe had been the moſt wretched and miſerable of Women.

Luc. Such Husbands as this, are as rare as Black Swans, or White Crows.

Am. I'll tell you now another Paſſage, which happen'd but lately in the City—— but I fear you are tir'd with this Subject.

Luc. Oh, not at all: Your Diſcourſe, my dear *Amy*, can never tire the Hearer.

Am Away, away, you Railly—— There is a Perſon of no mean Quality, but he ſhall be Nameleſs, who being much addicted to Hunting, as moſt are of his Condition, met accidentally one day, with a Country Girl of Exquiſite Beauty, which, by the Poverty of her Mother, was not at all diminiſh'd. The Jolly Hunter fell deſperately in love at the firſt ſight, he frequented thoſe Parts continually on the account of his Paſſion, tho' his Pretence was Hunting. His Wife, a Lady of ſingular Vertue and Diſcretion, ſuſpecting ſomething, without much difficulty found

out

out the Intrigue. She takes occaſion to ſee the Houſe, ſhe views their Beds, taſtes their Drink, enquires into their Diet, and finds nothing of Furniture, nothing of Conveniency, but all ſigns of a miſerable Penury and Want. She returns home, and the next day brings with her an excellent Silk Quilt, a Treat of Sweet-Meats, Drinking-Plate, and Silver Diſhes; theſe ſhe left at the Country Cottage, with ſome Money, requeſting the Old Woman, that whenever the Gentleman came, ſhe ſhould Treat him with more Ceremony, diſſembling her ſelf, in the mean time, to be his Siſter, and not his Wife. Some few days after this, the Husband gives his Country Miſtreſs a ſtoln Viſit; he is amazed to ſee the Poor Hovel furniſh'd after ſo exalted a manner, and ſo many rich Moveables in every Corner. He inquires the ſurprizing Cauſe, and is told, That a certain Lady of Quality, a Relation of his, but whoſe Name they knew not, had ſent them all in, with Orders to Treat him after a more Honourable faſhion than formerly. He begins to ſuſpect his Wife had a hand in this, and at his return queſtions her upon the Point; ſhe confeſſes all. He demands further, How ſhe came to be ſo wondrous kind to accommodate that Houſe

with

with ſuch Furniture? My Dear, ſays ſhe, you having been always uſed to Splendid and Noble Entertainments, and I finding how poorly you were received there, I thought it my Duty to take Care, that when you are minded to make thoſe Viſits, they might be able to give you a Reception more ſuitable to your Quality.

Luc. Oh Miracle of a good Wife! Had I been concern'd, inſtead of a Quilt I would have brought him a Truſs of Thorns and Briers to lye on.

Am. Hear the concluſion: The Husband diſcovering, by this Action, ſuch a ſweet and obliging Nature in his Wife, did of himſelf forbear all his old Debauchery, and became the moſt faithful Husband imaginable. —— I preſume you know Sir *Bazill.*

Luc. Very well.

Am. He, as you know, being in the prime flouriſh of his Youth, Marry'd a Wife of declining Years.

Luc. You mean he Marry'd a good Eſtate, not a Wife.

Am. Let it be ſo then. Soon after the Marriage, he began to be weary of his Wife, and fell deſperately in love with a young Beauty of the Town, whoſe Lodgings he frequented continually, rarely either

either Eating or Sleeping at home. What wou'd you have done in this Caſe?

Luc. Done! I wou'd have drag'd her by the Hair about the Streets. And for him, had I ſeen him going on ſuch a Viſit, I wou'd have comb'd his Head with a Looking glaſs; and in that Ornamental Pickle ſent him to have ſought a Miſtreſs, if he's in ſuch need.

Am. You perhaps would have been ſo giddy, but his Wife acted more diſcreetly. She invites her Rival to her own Houſe; ſhe receiving her in the moſt obliging manner imaginable; and thus procur'd her Husband's Company, without any other Charm than that of ſeeing his Miſtreſs at his own Houſe; and in Caſe he ſhou'd ſometimes Sup with her abroad, his Wife wou'd not fail to ſend ſome good Treat, and bid them be Merry.

Luc. I wou'd ſooner dye than be my Husband's Bawd.

Am. You do not conſider, *Lucy*, that this way is much more ſecure and eaſie, than by injurious Language to exaſperate him ſtill more, and give occaſion of a laſting Quarrel for Life.

Luc. I confeſs it the leſs Evil, but I cou'd never be able to act with ſo much Patience.

Am.

Am. I will give you one Example more, and then have done with particulars. Our Neighbour here at the next Door, an honeſt good Man as breaths, but a little too ſubject to Paſſion, happened t'other day, in a ſudden heat, to ſtrike his Wife, a Woman of a ſweet temper, who preſently retired to her Cloſet, and there wept moſt bitterly; the only way ſhe uſed to vent her Sorrow. It was not long after that ſome occaſion or other brought her Husband thither, who finding her in that poſture, *What means* (ſays he) *theſe Baby Tears? leave for ſhame.* Her anſwer was prudent and obliging; *Your unkindneſs is of that nature, that I am forced either to regret it thus, or (like other Women) in Clamour and Reproaches: I Chooſe this way, Sir, as moſt conſiſtent with your Honour and my own Love.* With theſe Words ſhe touch'd her Husband's very Soul, who, in a thouſand kind Expreſſions, made a ſolemn Promiſe never to be guilty in that nature again; nor was he.

Luc. I have often deſired thus much of my Husband for many reaſons.

Am. Yet you are ſtill at variance with him.

Luc. What wou'd you have me do?

Am.

Am. In the firſt place, conſider calmly with your ſelf the nature of thoſe things which you complain of, and you will find you ought not to reſent them ſo haínouſly, but rather paſs them over in ſilence; and be aſſured, his Mind will, of neceſſity, be reformed by obliging Behaviour; you will certainly ſubdue his Temper to your Deſires, or, at leaſt, you will live much more comfortable than at preſent.

Luc. He is ſo Salvage, that no good Offices can ever oblige him.

Am. Oh, ſay not ſo, the Wildeſt Creatures that are, may be reclaim'd by ſome gentle Means or other; deſpair not then of any Man. Try the Experiment but ſome Months, and then blame me if you find my Counſel unſucceſsful. There are ſome Faults which you ought to avoid with more particular Care: Above all, take eſpecial heed that you never quarrel in Bed, let all there be kind and obliging; for if that Place, which is in all Nations eſteem'd Sacred to Love and Pleaſure, become profaned with Hate and Diſcord, you neglect the beſt Means of renewing loſt Affection. There are ſome Wives of ſuch unquiet Tempers, that even when their Huſbands are giving them the higheſt Demonſtrations of their Kindneſs and Affecti-

on, they cannot forbear to Scold and Wrangle, changing very Pleasure it self into Wormwood, and by their implacable Behaviour, Corrupting that good Medicine which is usually the best Cure for Discontent.

Luc. I must confess I have done thus often.

Am. A Wife ought, at all times, to avoid any Action that may be unpleasant to her Husband; but chiefly in Love's softest Minutes.

Luc. True, to a Husband: But, *Amy*, I have to do with a very Brute.

Am. Fie, fie, forbear ill Language; most Husbands, as I said before, owe much of their ill Temper to their Wives imprudent Behaviour. But to proceed: Those who are Vers'd in the old Poetick Fables, tells us of *Venus*'s *Cestus*, which was a Girdle, in which was Quilted, with abundance of exquisite Art, all that was powerful in procuring, or restoring Love; and this Girdle she wore continually when she enjoy'd her Husband.

Luc. I know the Fable.

Am. But know the Moral too.

Luc. Let me then.

Am. We are Taught by this old Tale, *Lucy*, that a Wife ought to employ all her

Fa-

Faculties moſt aſſiduouſly to oblige her Husband in Bed, by which means ſhe will infallibly heal all Breaches, or Decays of Conjugal Affection, and expel all Clouds of Neglect or Diſpleaſure that may be gathering in his Thoughts.

Luc. But where can we poor Women procure this Divine *Ceſtus*?

Am. You need not Conjure for it. There are no Charms requiſite to obtain it, but only thoſe of Behaviour, and a ſweet obliging Temper.

Luc. 'Tis impoſſible for me to comply with ſuch a Husband as I am Curs'd with.

Am. 'Tis your own fault that he is ſuch. Suppoſe it were in your power (as they ſay of *Circe*) to transform your Husband to a Dog, or a Bear, wou'd you do it?

Luc. 'Tis a hard Queſtion: I know not what to anſwer.

Am. How! Not know? What, had you rather have one of theſe for your Bedfellow than a Husband?

Luc. No ſure; I'd rather have a Huſband.

Am. But ſuppoſe further, that you were able, by ſome *Circean* Art, or other, to reform your Husband from a Drunkard to a Man of Morals, from a profuſe Prodigal to a Purchaſer, and from an idle

Drone to an induſtrious Bee, wou'd you not do it?

Luc. Undoubtedly I wou'd: But who will teach me theſe Arts.

Am. You need no Teacher, the Art is yours already, you only want a Will to uſe it. Never think whether you ſhou'd reſpect your Husband as ſuch, he is ſuch whether you will or not; but how to make him better, that ſhou'd employ your Thoughts. They ſay all things have two Handles: You regard only your Husband's Faults and Imperfections, which your own Averſion does continually aggravate; by this Handle you always take him up, but thus you can never hold him. View rather, and conſider his Accompliſhments and Vertues; by this Handle you may hold him faſt; thus, if you take him, he's your own for ever: The proper time to ſearch into his Faults, had been before you Married.

——— Had you been wiſe,
You'd chuſe your Husband from your Ears, (not Eyes.

'Tis now too late to accuſe his Faults, but not too late to cure them.

Luc.

Luc. What Woman ever Married, or choſe a Husband by her Ears, I wonder?

Am. She Marries by her Eyes, who takes a Man only for ſhape and Beauty; but ſhe who guides her Love by what ſhe hears of his good Name and Reputation, chooſes a Husband by her Ears, and acts much more diſcreetly.

Luc. You adviſe well; but 'tis too late now, *Amy.*

Am. Not at all too late to endeavour to mend a bad Husband; I wiſh you had a Child by him, that wou'd conduce much to make up the Breach.

Luc. I have a Child.

Am. How! a Child! Since when?

Luck. Long enough.

Am. Prithee how old?

Luc. Almoſt ſeven Months.

Am. Why this is wonderful; do you breed Children in three Months time?

Luc. No. Why?

Am. You muſt of neceſſity, if we compute the time from your Wedding.

Luc. That's true.——But——you muſt know, I had had ſome Diſcourſe with him before we Marry'd.

Am. Diſcourſe, *Lucy!* I never knew before that Children were got by Diſcourſing.

Luc.

Luc. I'll tell you all. During our time of Wooing, he happened one day to find me alone in my Chamber, where, not dreaming of his Viſit, I had ſet my ſelf cloſe to Work on my Bed-ſide; he ſeeing the opportunity fair, began to dally with me, in a jeſting manner. Now you muſt know, I am extream tickliſh, and not being able to endure it, I fell all along as in an Extaſie; he, it ſeems, purſued his point, and almoſt ſmothered me with Kiſſes. What he did I do not well remember; but I'm ſure that ſoon after I found a great alteration; a Thouſand Qualms, and all the ſigns of a breeding Woman.

Am. A very famous Hiſtory! But how can you, *Lucy*, find in your Heart to hate that Man, who can get you with Child in a jeſting manner? What cou'd he do think you, when he applies himſelf to pleaſe you in earneſt?

Luc. Nay I'm with Child again already.

Am. Brave, I proteſt! You ſee a good Plowman, and a rich apt Soil, make a quick Harveſt.

Luc.

Luc Ay, ay, he performs this way better than I desire.

Am. Few Wives are of your Mind. But tell me one thing more, is the Conjugal Debt duly paid at present?

Luc. No I have stopped all Payments.

Am. He is the less then to be blamed for Rambling. Is your Child Male, or Female?

Luc. A delicate Boy.

Am. That Boy ought to make you Friends; and it will be effected undoubtedly, if you wou'd but yield a little. What do other People say of your Husband? What Character has he abroad?

Luc. He is reported abroad to be of a most obliging Behaviour, kind, liberal, and an excellent Friend to those that love him.

Am. Thus far there's Hopes: I see he is without Doors what you cou'd wish him.

Luc. But to me he is quite otherwise.

Am.

Am. However, be you ſuch to him as I adviſed, and if you do not find him become the ſame Man to you too, never give me Credit. Your Husband is but young, (I gueſs him about Four and Twenty) he cannot yet know well what it is to be a Houſe-keeper, and all the Duties that belong to that Name. Think thus, *Lucy*, and do not think of Separation.

Luc. I cannot forbear it, my Life is ſo uneaſie.

Am. 'Tis impoſſible you ſhou'd deſire it, if you wou'd but rightly conſider what a wretched Creature a Wife is when parted from her Husband, and how Excellent her Character who Loves and Obeys. Nature requires, and God commands, that the Wife depend wholly on her Husband. Be aſſured, a Husband is juſt like an Eſtate; you have both one, and if you loſe that, you muſt ſtarve, or live without any. In the laſt place, think of your poor Child,

the

the common Intereſt of both his Parents. How wou'd you diſpoſe of him? Wou'd you take him with you? Then you diſpoſſeſs and rob his Father. Wou'd you leave him behind you? Then I know you relinquiſh the deareſt Treaſure you have. Pray anſwer me one Queſtion; have you any back Friends, that wou'd rejoyce to ſee you miſerable?

Luc. Yes, ſome. I have a true Mother-in-Law for one; and to match her, there is my Husband's Mother, as very a Devil as her ſelf.

Am. Are they very malicious?

Luc. I believe they have wiſh'd me ruin'd a thouſand times.

Am. And wou'd you gratifie their Malice? You do it abundantly in a Separation. What thing can be more pleaſing to them than to ſee you live forſaken; a Widow: Nay, worſe

than a Widow; for Widows may Love, and Marry again where they fanſie, which you can never hope for, ſo long as your Husband lives.

Luc. I approve your Counſel, my dear *Amy*, and wou'd practiſe it, but I am diſcourag'd to think of ſuch a tedious Labour.

Am. You have a pretty Parrot here, that ſpeaks ſome Words exceeding plain; have you been long in teaching him?

Luc. O Lord, aye; the Bird has coſt me a World of Pains and Patience.

Am. And can you think the undertaking tedious, when you endeavour to reclaim a Husband, in whoſe Society you may ſpend your whole Life with Pleaſure? Can you take Pains to teach a Parrot, and not endeavour to win a Husband by kind Language?

What

What Pains do ſome Men take to break a Horſe, and make him eaſie? Be aſſured, *Lucy*, it deſerves more Pains to make your Husband kind.

Luc. What wou'd you have me do?

Am. I'll tell you in few Words. Take care that all things within Doors be neat, and in good order, that ſo he may not be Sick of Home. Let your Behaviour be affable and familiar, yet always within the Limits of that Reverend eſteem you owe a Husband. Be neither too ſad, nor airy; neither too coy, nor wanton. Let his Diet be Choice, and well Dreſs'd. Obſerve what he likes beſt, and provide that often. And what Company he is moſt pleas'd with, and invite them continually; Treat them, and Oblige them often. Let all ſuch Entertainments be genteel and pleaſant, and take care that nothing be then wanting; but leaſt

of all, Mirth and good Humour. And when at any time you find him merry with a Glaſs too much, or ſo, if he begins to Tune his Lute, be you alſo ready with your Voice, to make a Conſort. Thus, by degrees you will teach him to delight to be at Home, and conſequently, to avoid a World of needleſs Expences; for he muſt of neceſſity, in a ſhort time, conſider thus: *Am not I a Mad-man to be ſo often abroad, Debauching away both my Eſtate and Reputation, among a Company of filthy Creatures, equally unſound in Mind and Body, when I have here at Home, a Wife of ſuch a Temper, ſo infinitely beyond them all for Beauty, Youth, and Wit; and what is more conſiderable, a faithful Wife; and one that loves me ſo entirely, and in whoſe Company I can enjoy what Delights I pleaſe, without Scandal or Hazard?*

Luc.

Luc. Well, ſuppoſe I ſhou'd act thus as you Adviſe, yet I fear Succeſs.

Am. Truſt to me: I'll take it upon my ſelf if you fail. In the mean time, I'll go and begin with him; I'll teach him his Duty too.

Luc. I love you for that; but for God's ſake, take heed our Conſultation be not diſcovered. If he ſhould find it out, he'd run into all the Extravagancies of *Bedlam.*

Am. Fear not that, you ſhall ſee I will manage my Words with ſuch Cunning, that himſelf ſhall begin the Diſcourſe, and tell me all your Diſcords: Then will I treat him in ſuch a manner, and uſe ſuch Arguments, that I doubt not but to leave him in a better Humour for your Advantage than I found him. I will only mention you by the bye, as one that I hear

hear loves him with a profound Affection.

Luc. Prosper th' Event sweet Heaven.

Am. ———————Do not suspect;
Heaven will not fail, unless your self
(neglect.

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